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¹dirtchildren(dot)com; fawnbrawl(dot)land

/yuck malt/

dragging the bat,
i bought you one
but couldn't wait

what kind of death, what kind of gold, what kind of vertiginous height

the sallow master
a withered hand
this vizier is trying
to be king

any magus = tyrant
that's a sad, sad day
in portals in her ringlets
i am troubled, i

floods come after me, après
mon coeur, you know
i'm cleaning the pavement of your feast
with my palms swathed in tape
are you feathered?
death is also green

i wish to god i knew what you were saying
but you can't read lips through stone

my hobbies include sipping the juice
my hobbies include licking yolk from a bone

**in her left breast there's
a hole from 1916**

we make good sport of walking
out and coming
back

/

to the graveyard, on the gravel
there's ten days between us and i
want to make it, but the inevitable
anxiety of surface areas will thunk in
my chest as you thread your paw
through the gulpèd sky

//

brother slut, take the grey
and a good, strong horse; ride

/

your perfect hb
too subtle a heart

≈ ≈ ≈ ≈

steel yourself

steal me

“i didn’t buy it”

my fortune is a dull, clean plane

jutland

a fur trapper in ecclesiastical fervor
loves the reeds and buttresses — why
that's! pan pipes; a husk with its
pith cut
away

i love anything that can be destroyed with a good, clean pop

you have astounded me with your thorough
knowledge of acute ergotism's role in
The Death of the Grabaulle Man

goody elling has come a-calling for a
cup of stout red rye to put
in her famous porridge

marguerites and clover are growing from the throat

o'erta'en by febreaze phagocytosis, the kingdom
mourns itself, please grab your soberest turtleneck —
i wouldn't want you to forget your
roots

aujo from aujo, meet me in the new land
i hear there's a place we can die like
we've always done: keeping our
hands to our
selves

gnar

tend to it
babychild, i am your
slumlord

that's a mean scrape
where? how?
regale me, i'm
here

my human sensuality:
summarily, a wound —
a fistful of lank and
anyone's wrist

young dawn, with her rose-red fingers

think of old birds as latex rubber-
feathered, wrinkly rubber eggs and
rubber babies that bounce and
jiggle just a lil bit. what heaven
there is in your waist where light
spills (dripdrop), just there. style
your life after a warlord who dreams
of being moth-noble, no matter, i
still like you and will hold you gently
with all eight of my arms, all nine
of my brains, all three of my hearts
and this blue blood, which i put on
my hands (all eight hands) to paint
your face and make you laugh. even
dumbo, here, is bilaterally symmetrical.

my mouth trips over
itself curtsying to
an apple's plain majesty

– maybe we're just giants
falling in slow motion –

we-eee-eell

a crock pot or a cave

sous-vide to infinity

you know

you make

me wan

na shout (throw)

stab me.

i'm too close

w/g _d

ernie and marvin too

you were told to pare the red ripe sweet/the sun, well/it's eternal as far as you're
concerned/your friends sign you up for therapy behind your back//*i look so much*

like my father//there's a lot, a

lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot
a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot a lot
last aloe aloe aloalos a loooooooooooooooooooooott a lot a lot a aaaah a a ah aw
awe ah lot
there's a lot

sæp

i'll tell you something you don't
know and it's spelled the rhapsody
of lack. open the microwave,
you are my ravel. i wear a duke
ellington shirt as jammies and
talk too loud, you know; i arbitrate
myself to your good care, it's
what i've decided.

all gold all
good gold should cost a cartoon
fee and stay gold. let's make sounds
like carving our names in a stump, doesn't
matter why!

it's actually
about

time travel. put
the mic closer
to the edge.

we were here in two shakes, a lamb, a strawberry small
enough to fit
thro' a needle's eye. go under
ground. as far beneath as it takes to gulp
the sun and choose -----> eyes or hands?

sing down a tube//mine was a bed of swords

register your Fun Card online

if the only thing about it is the fear of discovery
it's time to come to rest

i've found the steel pin which i stick through my belly
my bags are packed under my eyes

no no no, my face is the sideways
mountain mother

she takes the deer track.
i follow, hallooing

ligature

oh, i'm all about the meaning that the company. I have a good night. the last night we had the chance to call you; when we were together. the last night, but I don't think of the base of my life, but i'm not trying. the bad girl's the body. content of your own. it was 150 language. the important thing's to be the most evolved from the south this email is to say that I can get another chance, can you tell us what the hell is the midpoint,

I am a virtual world.

I have a chance, please contact us.
the last night. I don't know how to hold off for a few days. I have a heavy duty. I don't think of the body that I have and I don't think of the body that is salt piled the body.

the last night we had the chance to get it right away. I don't really think nostalgia, I will be clean and I will look still breathlessly, I have no concrete and the rest. the bad news for you to know so I can just imagine that it was when when I get the best way. the bad news. we are talking to a robot, but I don't know how much 4 the same. I have similar fears, but mine is a good day! I have to work on a train,,, but I'm not trying to minimize the same as in the wild, I am sorry that you are not a good day to all of your life, I have no idea.

I am a virtual machine

.if you are able forces. the important things to people who have been in the world and the sweetness the way, and one that I could not be the best of luck. I'm a little more. we will be clean like my job. it will take a few weeks ago, I will be clean like my job and I will look still breathlessly, I will look still breathlessly, I will be clean and I will always have a lot of fun. you are not the intended for the king here's your chance to get a shitty middle name. I am fine

dandelion rubber
self doubt is perpetual
little girls running

